He who deserves happiness. by baby345

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Genre: Adorable Georgie Denbrough, Adult Eddie Kaspbrak, Adult Losers Club (IT), Adulthood, Aged-Up Losers Club (IT), Alternate Timelines, Alternate Universe - Everyone Lives/Nobody Dies, Alternate Universe - Future, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Alternate Universe - Time Travel, Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier Are Best Friends, Beverly Marsh Knows Everything, Beverly Marsh Stays in Derry, Bill Denbrough is a Good Friend, Bisexual Richie Tozier, Boys In Love, Cute Kids, Declarations Of Love, Depressed Richie Tozier, Domestic Bliss, Domestic Fluff, Dorks in Love, Eddie Kaspbrak Lives, Eddie Kaspbrak Loves Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier-centric, Everyone Loves Mike Hanlon, F/M, Family Fluff, Fix-It, Fluff, Fluff and Smut, Friendship/Love, Future Fic, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Gay Stanley Uris, Gen, Georgie Denbrough Lives, I Love the Losers Club (IT), Implied/Referenced Suicide, Losers Club (IT) Friendship, M/M, Mike Hanlon is a Good Friend, Minor Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Minor Bill Denbrough/Stanley Uris, Mpreg, Nobody is Dead, One Big Happy Family, Post-Pennywise (IT), References to Depression, Rich Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris Are Best Friends, Richie Tozier Flirts, Richie Tozier is a Little Shit, Richie gets a happy ending he deserves, Romantic Fluff, Sassy Stanley Uris, Soft Richie Tozier, Stan Lives, Stanley Uris is a Good Friend, Suicidal Thoughts, Teen Pregnancy, Temporary Character Death, The Losers Club (IT) All Appear, The Losers Club (IT) Love Each Other, The turtle is going to fix everything, Time Travel, Time Travel Fix-It, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, True Love, it's sad only for a little while though, they killed IT for good the first time
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Relationships: Ben Hanscom & The Losers Club, Ben Hanscom/ Beverly Marsh, Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier, Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris, Bill Denbrough & Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris, Bill Denbrough & Mike Hanlon & Ben Hanscom & Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris, Bill

Denbrough/Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak & Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Georgie Denbrough & The Losers Club, Mike Hanlon & Ben Hanscom & Beverly Marsh, Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris, The Losers Club & Beverly Marsh, The Losers Club & Richie Tozier
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Summary:

You wanted more time right?" Stan Inquired.

" what?" Richie stammered, he must have been drunker than he thought he was talking to his dead best friends.

"More time, we are here to give it to you."

"Am I finally going fucking crazy? Am I still in the deadlights? What the fuck."

"No this is your second chance." Eddie said.

After they defeat IT for the last time, Richie is left heartbroken and has nothing to live for anymore. Praying for a second chance, he wants a do over.
Maturin The turtle in payment for them killing IT decides that he owes Richie and the losers a better ending than the one they got. They lost two of their own, who were never suppose to die.

This is their second chance.

1. I've got nothing left to live for

Author's Note:

> My first tribute to the IT fandom! Hope you all enjoy!

Is this what depression feels like? Like he was barely keeping his head above the water, and that one wrong slip he'll go sinking to the bottom of the quarry forever forgotten just like that stupid fucking clown predicted.

Richie Tozier didn't know what was worse, when he didn't have his memories but a feeling of not quite being whole, like a piece of him was missing, or finding out that he had forgotten the love of his miserable life, remembered him and then lost him again.

permanently this time within a three day span. He was furious, he was heartbroken but more importantly he wanted more fucking *time!*

He was drowning in his grief and the only thing, no the only people that could get him out of it was dead! Gone, up with the angels or whatever the Bible, Quran, Torah, said.

"Are you happy pennyfuck? You got what you wanted! Richie Tozier is alone and you won! You took everything from me." He drunkenly sobbed.

He laid his head against the carving that he made what felt like a lifetime ago.

$R+E$

he shakenly traced it and snatched his hand back as if the words burned him.

" I need them back! I need Stan, I need Eddie, I can't do this without them." He whispered.

He hoped some God would take pity on him and answer his prayer. But when none came, he took a big gulp and let the burn of the drink soothe the ache in his heart where Stan and Eddie used to be.

The whiskey he held, sloshed in its bottle as his hand shook from both exhaustion and *pain* . He had stolen it from the empty bar back at the inn and drank his weight in cheap liquor.

They may have won the battle, but they lost the War. they lost two of their best friends, the best of them and now all they could do was move on. But there was no moving on for Richie.

Three days ago, he got to remember how it felt to hold Eddie Kaspbrak in his arms, he got to remember their first kiss in the hammock and the hundred no thousand of times he snuck up to the smaller boy's window, just to see that pretty smile lit up freckled tan cheeks when he realized that Richie was coming to spend the night.

He just remembered how much he loved Stan, how Stan was the first one he told that he was gay, the first to know that he was in love with a fire cracker of a boy, remembered how it was Stan who pushed Richie to confess, Stan who held Richie when he found out that him and Eddie didn't get into the same college, and was the one who even in death tried to still be there for Richie.

If you find somebody worth holding onto…

Richie tried to get up but he stumbled and the bottle went tumbling over the bridge. He could feel the old bridge straining under his weight and knew he should move before he went tumbling down too.

"Fuck." He slurred. Lifted his head only to scream when he found himself looking into stan's face.

Thirteenth year old Stan, with his golden curls and carefree smile.

The stan before that summer of ‘89 changed him.

If you find somebody worth holding…

“You wanted more time right?” Stan Inquired.

“ wha..what?”

More time, we are here to give it to you.”

he looked behind him as a little boy in red shorts and a fanny pack came up and smiled that beautiful dimpled smile that could stop Richie’s heart in his chest.

“ hey chee.” Eddie said shyly.

If you find somebody worth…

“Am I finally going fucking crazy? Am I still in the deadlights? What the fuck.” Richie reached out a trembling hand and grabbed eddie’s extended one.

“No this is your second chance.” Eddie laughed.

He squeezed Richie’s hand and didn’t let go until Stan placed a hand against Richie’s chest. The bridge barrier creaked in protest at the weight being pressed onto it.

“Don’t fuck it up, Richie, take this chance and be happy.”

“Don’t let it end like this Trashmouth. Do it for me, for the rest of the losers, but most importantly yourself.”

“How? I..I'm scared.” Richie didn’t hear the wood start to splinter, was only focused on his *dead* best friends who supposedly were here to give him another chance at life.

“See you soon Richie.”

And with that stan pushed hard enough for the wood to break and Richie blacked out before he hit the ground.

If you find somebody….

Richie sat up with a gasp, his breathing labor from the wild trip of a dream he had.
His eyes teared up at the overwhelming feeling of disappointment and fear. He felt like he was going to throw up.

Was that just a really fucked up dream that his drunk subconscious conjured to punish him?

He definitely was going to stop drinking himself into a coma if it meant he never has to face his best friends giving him false hope ever again.

He scoffed, there was no such thing as second chances. Only one, and he already fucked it up.

So he swallowed the pain, and tears and put on his happy Richie face. He knew he had to get up and get ready to send the others on their way and get on the road himself.

He could still taste the whiskey on the back of his tongue and gagged at it. First he needed to brush his teeth before anything else could be done.

He squinted at the vague shapes and didn't register how everything seemed different as his hand scrambled around the dresser to find his glasses only to freeze when he felt a body move next to him. He hadn't realized that he wasn't alone.

For a single heart stopping moment he thought that stupid clown came to finish the job. He didn't realize he was holding his breath till he heard a quiet sniffle to his left and a head full of brown curls popped up. He quickly pulled his glasses on and realized three things:

One: he was not at the Derry Inn like he idiotly assumed.

Two: if the mirror he was staring at wasn't a trick, he was 20 years younger than he was yesterday.

And three:

"Chee? What's wrong? Another nightmare?"

laying in the bed was a twenty something Eddie fucking Kaspbrak cupping a rounded belly and a wedding ring that was gleaming on his finger in the morning sun.

If you find…..

2. I love him.

Summary for the Chapter:

> Eddie pulled back and smirked at him.
>
> "Next time brush your teeth before kissing me dipshit. But don't forget that bill and Stan is coming over later, and wash the kitchen properly rich. Or my feet is going up your ass."
>
> And Richie fell in love all over again.

The door creaked and Richie's head snapped to it only to find a toddler making his way in,

"Daddy? Papa?" He whined and Richie heart went into overdrive when big brown eyes made eye contact with him.

As he stared back his suddenly hit with an influx of memories.

His and Eddie's first kiss, first date, the first time they said I love you, finding out that Eddie was a carrier and him being scared and elated because he wanted children with Eddie just not at the time, Eddie and him getting accepted to NYU just like they planned, them finding out a week before they left that Eddie was pregnant but still deciding to go through with school anyway.

Their son, little Theodore Stanley being born, them getting married, Eddie smiling, laughing, crying in joy. *EddieEddieEddieEddie,* all the memories held nothing but good feelings associated with them.

"What's wrong Theo? Did you have a bad dream too?" Eddie's soft voice beckoned their son over and Eddie helped him into the bed so he can cradle him.

And all Richie could do was stare, he had a *son* with Eddie! He was married to Eddie!! He was able to make a life with him!

"Daddy had a nightmare too love bug but papa is here to chase them away." Eddie smiled at their child and the little boy (*Theo* , his mind

supplied) just sleepily blinked back and snuggled as best as he could with his papa's belly in the way.

Eddie was still half asleep but the way he looked in the morning had Richie reaching out to bundle him in his arms and a laugh that suspiciously sounded like a sob clawed its way out his chest when Eddie molded into his side.

"Richie?" Eddie furrowed his brows at the teary hazel eyes.

"Yea I'm okay Ed's, I just had the worst dream where your mom dumped me." Richie joked and he could tell by the way Eddie face contorted in anger that he had successfully distracted him from the tears.

"Don't call me that!"

Eddie knew that Richie wasn't okay but he dropped it and hoped that Richie would open up to him later.

"Alright Theo let's make breakfast and leave none for daddy since he thinks his so funny. Papa's going to meet you in the kitchen but first go wash your hands Theo."

"Yes papa." Theo chirped back.

Eddie carefully made his way out the bed after putting Theo back on their bedroom floor. He waited till Theo wasn't looking and shot the bird to Richie and all the taller man could do was blew a kiss back and get up to follow behind once they made it through the door, eddie's voice floating back to him.

He walked through the house and looked at the pictures decorating the walls. The losers when they were 13, pictures from the arcades, their high school graduation, than their college one, Theo Being born, and their wedding and so on.

"Hey rich, you sure you're okay? Want to talk about it ?" Eddie concerned voice spooked him out of his head.

The shorter man was feeding Theo oatmeal but kept shooting concerned looks at his husband.

And didn't that send a thrill through Richie knowing that he was actually married to the another man. Even just seeing the mail being addressed to the Tozier's had him weeping.

He leaned down and his heart warmed at the automatic response was for Eddie to lean in for a kiss when he got closer as if it's something they done a hundred times. And maybe in this lifetime they have.

I wanna kiss daddy! Me too daddy!" Theo shrieked and Richie chuckled before leaning down and laying a kiss on dark curls.

Theo was the most gorgeous little boy he had the pleasure of seeing and he wasn't even saying that because he looked just like Eddie, although that may have played a huge role in his bias.

it was in the way he was so *happy* . The way brown eyes sparkled when they landed on Eddie or Richie. His little spark, his laughter, and the obvious Tozier curls filled Richie heart with joy.

Eddie and him both didn't have the healthiest childhoods. His parents were at best neglectful and eddie's mom was the textbook case for Munchausen syndrome by proxy.

So to know that they raised a healthy, happy kid and had another one on the way was enough for him to be thanking whatever God had answered his pleas.

Once Theo had finished eating and Eddie sent him to change clothes he grabbed Richie's collar and pulled him down for a kiss. Richie hummed into the soft press of lips and instinctively wrapped his arm around the smaller man waist and pressed his other hand against the bump between them.

Eddie pulled back and smirked at him.

"Next time brush your teeth before kissing me dipshit. But don't forget that bill and Stan is coming over later, and wash the kitchen properly rich. Or my feet is going up your ass."

And Richie fell in love all over again.